Should I try death by duſſons: I am mop't,
Food tooke I none theſe two daies.
Sipt ſome water. I have not cloſd mine eyes
Save when my lids ſcowrd off their bine; alas
Diſſolue my life, Let not my ſence unſettle
Leaſt I ſhould drowne, or ſtab, or hang my ſelfe.
O ſtate of Nature, faile together in me,
Since thy beſt props are warpt: So which way now?
The beſt way is, the next way to a grave:
Each errant ſtep beſide is torment. Loe
The Moone is down, the Cryckets chirpe, the Schreichowle
Calls in the dawne; all offices are done
Save what I faile in: But the point is this
An end, and that is all. *Exit.*

Scæna 3. *Enter Arcite, with Meate, Wine, and Files.*

Arc. I ſhould be neere the place, hoa. Coſen *Palamon.*

Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite.

Arc. The ſame: I have brought you foode and files,
Come forth and feare not, here's no *Theſeus.*

Pal. Nor none ſo honeſt *Arcite.*

Arc. That's no matter,
Wee'l argue that hereafter: Come take courage,
You ſhall not dye thus beaſtly, here Sir drinke
I know you are faint, then ile taike further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou mightſt now poyſon me.

Arc. I might.
But I muſt feare you firſt: Sit downe, and good now
No more of theſe vaine parlies; let us not
Having our ancient reputation with us
Make taike for Fooles, and Cowards, To your health, &c.

Pal. Doe.

Arc. Pray ſit downe then, and let me entreate you
By all the honeſty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman, t'will diſturbe us,
We ſhall have time enough.

Pal. Well Sir, Ile pledge you. (blood man.

Arc. Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good

Doe

Doe not you feele it thaw you?

Pal. Stay, Ile tell you after a

Arc. Spare it not, the Duk

Pal. Yes.

Arc. I am glad you have ſo

Pal. I am gladder I have ſo

Arc. Is't not mad lodging he

Pal. Yes, for then that have

Arc. How taſts your vittails?

Pal. Not much.

But if it did, yours is too tart: ſv

Arc. Veniſon.

Pal. Tis a luſty meate:

Giue me more wine; here *Arci*

We have known in our daies. I

Doe you remember her?

Arc. After you Cuz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-hair

Arc. She did ſo; well Sir.

Pal. And I have heard ſome

Arc. Out with't faith.

Pal. She met him in an Arb

What did ſhe there Cuz? play

Arc. Something ſhe did Sir

Pal. Made her groane a m

Arc. The Marſhals Siſter,

Had her ſhare too, as I rememb

Elſe there be tales abroade, yo

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty broune wenc

When yong men went a hunti

And a broade Beech: and ther

Pal. For *Emily*, upon my lif

Away with this ſtraind mirth;

That ſigh was breathd for *Em*

Dar'ſt thou breake firſt?

Are. you are wide.

Pal. By heaven and earth,

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